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What fools these Mortals be!
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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BULLETS AND BULL'S EYES.

Puck.—Fire away, my boys, and don't let your friendship cease with your shooting!

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We wonder if there is any voter in the State of New York, or citizen of the United States, who can name the man who will be elected Governor in November. Will he be a Democrat or a Republican? Will it be Wadsworth, or Folger, or Robinson, or John Kelly, or Samuel J. Tilden, or William M. Evarts, or Mayor Grace, or Mayor Low, or Alonzo Cornell? We venture to say that there is nobody who can tell for a certainty, not even after the nominations are made in the rival political camps. If we cannot tell who will be elected, we can at least mention the name of one man whose chances are of the slimmest character.

We refer to our almost ex-Governor Cornell, whose financial transactions with Mr. Jay Gould have put him out of the pale of political preferment by the public. Our particularly esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, has of late been devoting columns of its space to eulogizing Mr. Wadsworth, and inserting many favorable extracts from obscure country papers, that the people of the state may know what a phenomenal Governor he would make. Perhaps the *Herald* is right; perhaps Mr. Wadsworth, young as he is, would make the best Governor this state has ever known; but then, on the other hand, perhaps he wouldn't.

Perhaps he wouldn't, because it has been very clearly shown that Mr. Wadsworth did not give that attention in Congress to his public

duties that was to be expected from so pure a patriot. If he did not vote for steals, he was not always present when steals were to be voted against. Therefore, we do not think there can be anything that can fairly be called rivalry existing between Mr. Wadsworth and Secretary Folger, the latest aspirant for the position. There is very good reason why Mr. Folger should have an opportunity of gratifying his ambition in this way.

It is not because he promises to make a very efficient ruler, but because he must necessarily receive the support of the Stalwarts—in other words, the friends and members of the Administration. We have a way of freely expressing our opinion, and shall therefore make no apology for stating that the support so freely accorded to Mr. Folger by those in power is not as unselfish as might appear on the surface. If Mr. Folger is elected, the state will be in very good condition to be organized and carried in 1884 by one or other persons who figure in our cartoon.

Mr. Folger appears to us in the light of the decoy duck, slyly placed on the water by political sportsmen to attract the delegates, when they will at once be captured to advance the interests of the gentlemen whose countenances are so familiar to everybody that it would be a waste of print to name them. Oh, it is a grand thing to have a state practically in your own hands when you want the good will of that state, when you or your intimate friends or confidential advisers are running for President, and there is no better way of gaining your object than by electing a Governor whose friends and supporters will help to gratify your ambition.

To-morrow Creedmoor will be the scene of a contest between British and American rifle-men. They will shoot against each other, but not at each other. The war of 1812 saw the last of the desire to make targets of each other's bodies. We hope that they will never have occasion to play again at such a deadly game. We think it very unlikely. The practice so far has been in favor of the British team, and this in the face of disadvantages; for the English volunteer is utterly unaccustomed to shoot in such a clear atmosphere as this country is blessed with. Half-a-dozen fine, clear days are as much as he expects during a month.

He feels much more at home in a leaden sky, an East wind, or a fog that can only be cut with a carving-knife. As patriotic Americans, we are, of course, anxious for our men to win, but we shall not proceed to find poor excuses in the event of the American team being defeated. If the great American eagle cannot scream, or, in other words, if victory absolutely refuses to perch upon our banners, we shall attribute it to the fact that there is a better system of organization among the shooting members of British volunteer regiments than among those of our National Guard. We have shown again and again that we have fine civilian marksmen in this country; it now remains to be seen if they exist also among our citizen soldiers.

The regular Summer season at the sea-side and in the mountains is rapidly drawing to a close, and already families are swarming back to the city like so many locusts. They may imagine that, as they left their brown-stone fronts closed and almost hermetically sealed on going away, they have remained in this condition of safety during their sojourn among pastoral scenes. But they will find that they are wrong in their calculations when the hack

drives up to the door and surprises the servants in the enjoyment of their devotions. As the old gentleman removes his duster and white plug tile in the hallway he will experience, perhaps, the keenest surprise and mortification of his life.

He will detect his retainers in the act of giving their last regular Summer reception to their immediate friends and relatives. Will the old gentleman smile to see them enjoying themselves? Oh, no; he will not smile. Will he say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servants"? Indeed he will not; neither will his wife and daughters. It will be a unanimous convention, in which the servants will not be nominated, but probably discharged.

The drawing-room will be filled with a motley company, and will include the baker, the milkman, the policeman, the plumber, the iceman, about a dozen cousins each of the servants, a few aldermen, and a lot of Tammany "heelers," and miscellaneous gasfitters and 'longshoremen, smoking good cigars, drinking wine, dancing the racquet and having a good time generally. Even the Tammany "heeler's" rendition of "Shamus O'Brien," the 'longshoreman's songs from "Pinafore," or the "Farandole" by the entire company will not quiet the outraged feelings of the proprietor, who will make up his mind on the spot to dispense with his servants hereafter on going away, and allow his city establishment to run itself during his absence.

And now the young man who has been away from the city, and met some pretty girl whose acquaintance he would like to perpetuate, is wondering if, on her return to her city home, she will send her card and give him a chance to call and know her more intimately. He feels that he knows her better than if he had met her formally, in full dress beneath the light of twinkling chandeliers; for have they not practically roughed it together? Has he not helped her up rough mountain paths, and protected her in the surf, and taken her to hops, and written in her autograph album? And has she not held affectionately upon his arm, and rubbed vaseline on his sunburned forehead with her own dear little fingers? Of course she has.

And he fancies he can remember how nice it all seemed. But now his mind is filled with grave doubt. Perhaps she will not notice him on Fifth Avenue; perhaps he will never see her again. It is awful. And if she does invite him to call, it may be because she is not engaged, and has no one to take her to see Mrs. Langtry or some other reigning attraction. And the young man tries to rehearse all the scenes and conversations of their past two months' life beneath the stars along the sounding strand, and does all in his power to convince himself that everything is all right. But he will be awfully crestfallen when some one hears of their Summer nonsense, and remarks: "Miss Dash, Miss Dash, why, bless you, my dear boy, she is engaged to Mr. Smith, the banker."

IT IS NOW that the grasses begin to fade, the flowers to wilt, and the spirit of Summer to float away to some mystic realm, and sob old Autumn, with her cider, corn-husking bees, hog-guessing, political campaigning and county fairs, comes booming right merrily along. But she doesn't do as much booming as PUCK ON WHEELS, which still retains all its Summer freshness and proves that there is no fade or wilt in it. It contains many literary gems that are just suited for Autumn reading, as they are in harmony with the poetic cast of thought peculiar to this season. The Czar wears a copy under his vest to keep off bullets, and another in his coat pocket to read. King Cetawayo recently yawned during a speech in the House of Commons. It was because the speech was so dull in comparison with PUCK ON WHEELS, which he had just been reading through the medium of a Zulu translation by Max Müller. Of all newsdealers. Price twenty-five cents.

TELEPHONOGRAMS.

FROM PUCK'S CORRESPONDENT-AT-LARGE.



In deference to the wishes of a large number of our readers, we present the latest news from the seat of war as forwarded to us by our correspondent. It will be noticed that our representative is on the best of terms with Arabi Bey and General Wolseley, and is equally welcome in both camps, as well as in Constantinople and Alexandria.

KASSASSIN, September 6th.

Carbolic acid has advanced five dollars a quart, owing to Arabi Pasha's having thrown two or three more particularly healthy defunct horses in the fresh water canal.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 7th.

Lort Dufferin, the British Ambassador, in an interview with Said Pasha, said that a protocol and a *pour parler* could not be applied to a *casus belli*, unless the Porte saw fit to exercise its suzerainty over the neutral powers and to prevent the export of mules on a *non compos mentis* basis. If Turkish troops were to be landed on Egyptian soil, to preserve the *sic transit gloria mundi* of the *status quo ante*, a military convention and *trade* must be signed, proclaiming Arabi Bey a Spring poet, a bad man and a prevaricator. A yaller dog was bowstrung last night for barking in the key of E minor.

ZAGAZIG, September 8th.

One British Life-Guards officer has just routed an enormous force of Egyptians accompanied with Krupp guns. He did it by gazing at them through a single-barreled eye-glass. He turned their left flank by pivoting on his right, and carried all the enemy's cannon, seventy-five cars of ammunition, and seven hundred and eighty-one Bedouins into the English camp.

General Wolseley signaled with his umbrella: "Well done, Life-Guardsman!" and there are rumors that the Queen will make the hero a Grand Inquisitor, if M. de Lesseps interposes no objection.

ISMAILIA, September 8th.

While breakfasting with Sir Garnet Wolseley this morning, three 700-pound shells, fired from Zagazig, landed on the table among the boiled eggs, killing Sir Garnet's horse under him. The General did not move a muscle, but went on reading Puck as if nothing had happened.

ALEXANDRIA, September 9th.

Quite unexpectedly Arabi strolled into the British lines at Ramleh yesterday, and had a pleasant chat with General Wood. Arabi says his army is completely demoralized and that is the reason for his desertion. He does not wish the news to be spread abroad. I therefore give it to you confidentially. Another man who has understudied Arabi's part, is acting for him and is doing it almost as well as the original.

CAIRO, September 10th.

Tug Wilson has arrived here, and is being coached by Arabi. He will advance by way of Aboukir and Damietta for the purpose of knocking out Sir Garnet, ending the campaign, and thus giving the General an opportunity of keeping that appointment to dine with a friend in London on September 17th.

SUZ, September 11th.

A dispatch from Peoria, Ill., states that the Admiral of the Swiss fleet will bombard Timbuctoo in the interests of civilization, unless the Tammany Hall candidates for dog-catchers are nominated to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the Albanian and Bosjesman aesthetic private watchmen.

HONOLULU, September 12th.

The rumor from Peoria, with reference to the action of the Swiss admiral, has not yet been confirmed, owing to the indisposition of the bishop.

ONE OF the mistakes of General Wolseley was in not coming to New York previous to beginning his operations in Egypt, in order that he might learn from the editor of the *Herald* the way in which to conduct the campaign with success.

"AND 'A BABBLED O' GREEN FIELDS."

"As the night wore on, it grew evident that his mind was wandering; for he rapped weakly on his bed's side, and feebly ejaculated: 'Two sours!' At two o'clock and ten minutes he smiled sweetly and beckoned to his friend, Mr. Theodore Everdry, the most assiduous of his watchers. Mr. Everdry bent quite close to the dying man, who whispered brokenly: 'It's slow—Teddy—too slow; reach for—the—wine-card.' And so, swan-like, the gentle spirit," etc., etc.—*Memoir of William Waterproof, Esq.*

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,"

The pace becomes too slow:
The hours begone already
Are more than those to go.
As glum as ghosts that wander
Unrited by the Styx,
We sit, while Chronos yonder
Marks out his two by six.

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy:"

We've cracked a medley sort,
We've tapped the Burton heady,
Uncapped the heavy port;
Cliquot's coquettish matron
Lies deep as Dido's dux,
The shrine of our good patron
We've reached—kind Sanctus Crux.

"Reach for the wine-card, Teddy;"

With the 'twas always so,
While yet your legs were steady,
Askew 'd your head-piece go.
For thee no fields Elysian,
No Heaven Islamicite,
No Paradise—a vision
Of bloodless anchorite.

But when the saga's ended,
And sit the warriors thrall'd,
Valhalla's heroes splendid
Will hear their newest skald.
The hours begone already,
Are more than those to go;
Reach for the wine-card, Teddy,
The pace becomes too slow.

A. E. WATROUS.

Puckings.

DEAD GOLD—Shekels bet on the wrong horse.

A NEW WAY to play an old joke: The Grand Trunk—Jumbo's.

ARABI DOES NOT know when he was born. He will soon be in a position not to give information as to the precise time he died.

THERE IS now a demand for young blood in politics. Thus any hopes that Dr. Mary Walker and Susan B. Anthony may have had for preferment are shattered.

THAT GREAT European power, M. de Lesseps, is offered a banquet in Paris. Paris is evidently determined not to be outdone by the Lotos Club, which entertained M. de Lesseps here.

NOW THE correspondent who has been writing brilliant letters to his paper gratuitously, in consideration of free board at the watering-place hotel, will wonder, in a month from now, whether he is to become a freight handler or a peripatetic sandwich.

AND NOW, as the persimmon ripens and the leaves take on a tint of dead gold, the young lady whom you met in the mountains during the Summer will send you her card, that you may call upon her, or supply her with tickets for the matinee and a Mrs. Langtry performance.

NOW DOth the maiden cry:

"Oh, my!"

When, hunting languid ferns
In pleasant nooks,
To press in books,
The branchlet quickly turns
And hits her in the eye.

MR. INGERSOLL said in his speech in defense of Dorsey, that he is a man with an intellectual horizon and a mental sky. Why did he not say that he is a man with an intellectual moon and a mental sun, or a pathological clam chowder and a psychological box-stew, or an astrological catcher and a pneumatic pitcher, or a chemical hackman and theological plumber?

THE SUMACH now is burning
Along the dusty lea,
The pilgrim is returning
From Newport by the sea;
And while the gold is dawning
On the forest in a flood,
The Squonk House clerk is pawning
His mammoth diamond stud.

—A. D. 1804. (See *Wm. Penn's Almanac*, edited by R. J. Burdette.)

THE GREAT American bear pastoral writer of the *Sunday Sun* was interviewed the other day. "You confine yourself principally to idyls which give you an opportunity to treat of the bear?"

"I do."

"You have no doubt had a wide experience with bears in the far West, and have lived with trappers?"

"I was never in the West in my life, and never saw a trapper."

"Then where did you see the bears?"

"I never saw but one bear in my life," frankly replied the narrator of thrilling narratives: "and that was an old moth-eaten bear, nailed up on his hind legs in front of a fur store."

RONDEAU.

O saucy PUCK! in dire unrest
You keep me—yes, I will attest;
(Though oft you seem to persecute.)
For the sighs you are never mute,
You meet the storm with naked breast.

I like your points so manifest,
So full of new-born interest;
And you are justly absolute,
O saucy PUCK!

But one thing here may I suggest:
Button your coat or wear a vest,
Or, better still, I'll contribute
To buy yourself a Summer suit—
With or without, you are my guest,
O saucy PUCK!

JACK PVLE.

THE DERNIER MOSQUITO.

It was a September evening, with the following-regulation ingredients: Sleeping jessamine, songless bowers, tranquil ocean, sumptuous stars, tropic odors, sensuous calm, and a moon that resembled the face of a prosperous Chinese laundryman.

The dollar-a-line patent medicine poet was reclining on a silken couch, drinking the delicate redolence which the breeze wafted from the garden through the bottle-green window slats.

In a moment of rapturous reverie, when the poet wandered far away in the mystic past, and lived over the tenderest of tender memories, and totally forgot the cold, implacable fate that compelled him to celebrate the virtues of various tooth-powders and cordials for a living, a snowy missive flew in through the window and fluttered to the Turkish rug.

"A good idea," mused the poet, as he tossed his cigarette into a wine-glass: "I shall use that in this way:

While in a vision steeped with bliss
Beneath the rays of Artemis,
Across the jardinière did float
A fragrant little lilled note;
It fluttered from the land of love,
As white as Aphrodite's dove,
And this is what the missive said:
"Each night before you go to bed,
And pleasant dreams you soul enwreath,
Use Hoxyroxy for your teeth."

And then the poet arose from his reclining attitude, and picked the card off the floor, held it up to the light of the moon and read:

A. MOSQUITO.

8 Forty-seventh St., West.

"Where are you, Augustus?" inquired the poet.

"My name is not Augustus," replied the mosquito, with emphasis: "my name is Andrew, and I am out here tilting in the moonlight on a dew-gemmed flower."

"I trust you haven't your feet on those Jacqueminot roses!"

"Zhack-me-no roses," broke in the mosquito: "not Jack-my-not. The 't' is almost always silent when not followed by an 'e.' Now, if you won a bet from a man and walked up to him and requested him to 'fourchay' over the shekels, instead of desiring him to *fourchette* them over, that man would immediately conclude that you were born in Gowanus, raised in Rahway, and plucked at the University of Weehawken. But I am not on the Jacqueminots. I am on a coleus."

"Won't you walk in, Aug—Andrew, I mean?"

"Cert!" responded Andrew, and, as he came into the room, he struck the poet in the light of an elfin saw-mill. He sat down on the bronze inkstand, crossed his knees, pushed his

hammock-hat back on his head, smiled sweetly as he closed his silver card-case, drew his grip-sack up close to him and said:

"I am going back to the city; and I thought I ought to call on all my old sea-side friends before leaving. As I was going by, I was attracted by the light of your cigarette, and I thought I would drop in and pay my respects."

And he looked around the room with the eye of a *connaissance*, as he removed his kid gloves and wound his watch.

"We have had a nice time down here this season, have we not?" inquired the patent-medicine Theocritus, as he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"We have that," responded the mosquito: "at least, I have. I have been all over the place, and have seen all the best people, and been at table with them. I have secreted myself in the snowy depths of vases on dining-room mantelpieces, and heard all sorts of gossip that was never intended for the public. I have heard everybody talked about; I know of secret engagements; I have seen sly flirtations at the West End; I have seen kisses stolen on the back piazza of the Ocean, right opposite the club-house; I have heard match-making mamas inquire into the prospects, positions and incomes of many presumably eligible young men; I have seen the bathers in the surf; I have heard the hackmen talking about homes in Europe; I have seen men wrestling with the ready-made concrete pie; and, one night last month, I secreted myself in a flower in the back hair of one of the reigning belles, and heard distinctly what a certain young man whispered for her alone, and I guess it will come off in the Winter. No cards."

And the mosquito smiled the same sweet smile that we note in the girl of sixteen with an Easter bonnet on.

"You know most of the ladies, then?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"And do you get along with them all right?"

"I do, sir; I assure you it's a cold day when Andrew gets left. I have perched on their diamond-dusted hair in the mazes of the dreamy, and I have brushed by their faces and looked into the liquid depths of their mystic orbs. Once a young lady almost drew me up her nose. I tell you I thought it was all up with Andrew then; but I got away. Then I

THE GRANDEE AND HIS BRAVOS.



GOULD:—"HE HAS DARED TO CROSS MY PATH, THEREFORE SHALL HE DIE!!" (Slow Music.)

thought I would bite her for satisfaction, so I lit on her cheek."

"Did she make a pass at you?" asked the pill eulogist.

"She did," responded the mosquito, as he rested his chin on his hand: "and if she had hit me I should have been spoiled for life."

"Then you didn't bite her?"

"Yes, I did, too; and I got my stomach so full of cheap *rouge* that I was sick for several days and had to go off into a swamp for a week to recuperate. I always do my biting at night now; that's the best time."

"Why so?"

"Because then I may use my ice-tongs without interruption."

"What do you mean?"

In response the mosquito opened its valise and produced a pair of miniature ice-tongs.

"These," it commenced: "I fasten on with a pair of suspenders, and, when I land on a man, he thinks he is being interviewed by an old-fashioned hornet with a copper-faced sting. I will just let you know what it feels like."

"Never mind, sir, never mind."

"All right, all right, just as you say. It will soon be time to retire our straw hats and purchase light overcoats, won't it?"

"It will," replied the bard.

And they both sat grinning at each other until the poet secured a good aim, when he let fly, missed the mosquito, upset the ink on his lilac trousers, and looked as though he had just come out of a swamp.

The mosquito flew to the windowsill, kissed his hand to the poet and said:

"My carriage is waiting below, and I must away. Will see you shortly at the Lotos Club, but won't say anything to the boys about the manner in which Miss Golddust rejected you on the Bluff the other evening. Really I won't, my dear fellow—really I won't. Ta, ta!"

R. K. M.

REMEMBER
September

Fifteenth is at hand,

So prepare to shoot your Oxford ties, linen duster, piqué scarf, striped shirt, bathing-suit, canvas shoes, and the straw hat with the bright purple band.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLI.

AMERICAN HUMOR AGAIN.



Ya-as, it is weally little short of marvelous, the extwaordinary excitement caused by my we-marks on Amerwican humah last week. It is evah thus. Whenevah anything on which Amerwicans particularly pwide themselves is cwticised

by Englishmen, there is always an upwo-ah.

The people of this countwy have a stwong objection to any observations on their institutions, mannahs and customs unless they are of a complimentaryw nachah.

I have a faint wecollection of dwopping a hint to the aw effect that I might weturn to the subject of Amerwican humah and its necessary ingredients. The stove-pipe figures verwy pwominently in this wspect. To dilate on the twoubles and twibulations that a countwy wesident has to go through in arwanging the machinerwy necessary to supply calorwic faw the Wintah invariably pwovokes immoderate laughtah. Aftah much wesearch, I have nevah been able to see anything joculah in such an operwation.

It ought wathah to excite sympathy and sorrow to think of a poor wetch in an inferwiah house stwuggling with sections of iron cylindah, and endeavoring to pweserve his equilibrium.

Anothah nevah-failing source of cachinnatory outbursts is the gween, unwipe apple, which verwy small boys are supposed to devouah, and then die of cholerwa. It is consid-ahed funni-ah than evah if there are weferences to a coffin and the youngstah's gwave.

Then there is the bent pin. Until I came

to this countwy I nevah heard of such a thing. It appe-ahs that it is used by young wagamuffins, who go to school and attach this instwument to the seat of the chair of the pedagogue. I think this a positively horwid pwactice, and ought not to be tolerwated—much less laughed at—faw it twenches on the domain of cwuelty.

To look down a gun-barwel, and faw the twiggah to catch something, and faw the contents to be discharged into the face of the observah are also supposed to be pwovocative of twemendous hilarwity.

Fwesh gween cucumbahs come undah the same categorwy as gween apples, only their effects are generwally applied to adults instead of to small boys.

If a young man sits on a custard pie at a picnic, and thereby destroys the beauty of his lavendah twousahs, the laughtah that is supposed to ensue is beyond the powah of description—at least, so I should judge by weading the gwaphic accounts of such a mishap two or thwree times a week.

Perwhaps people can now compwehend why I am no admirwah of Amerwican humah, or what passes curwent faw that article; it deals with such uttably unimportant and commonplace affai-ahs aw.

[See PUCK, P. 398.]

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

A FOOL.

'Twas long, 'twas loud, 'twas dull

And garrulous with great completeness,

My soul is too too full

Of its vociferous effiteness.

York Point, St. John, N. B.

FOOL HARDY.

REJECTED ARTICLES go into the waste-basket, PUCK won't return them, so you needn't ask it.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

THAT UPAS TREE CARTOON.

We have received the following letter:

NEW YORK, September 5th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have taken a great deal of interest in studying your picture called: "The Deadly Upas Tree of Wall Street," in the last issue of PUCK. I have discovered, or I think I have, about fourteen faces in the picture. This presumption on my part has been the cause of a good many arguments, not only in my family, but among my friends, who all strongly maintain that only two pictures were intended by the artist, viz.: those of Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt.

I dislike extremely to bother you with the question, but I should esteem it a personal favor if you would inform me:

FIRST—Whether I am right in my theory, and

SECOND—Whether, by turning the cartoon sideways, the mouth and nose of Gould are not intended for the face of David Dudley Field?

We are very glad to learn that you have taken so much interest in our cartoon of "The Deadly Upas Tree of Wall Street"; but it pains us to be obliged to dampen your enthusiasm—the more so as we fear that our explanation may perhaps cause estrangement in your family, and rupture tried friendships of long standing. You think you have discovered about fourteen faces in the picture? Your enterprise is creditable, but it is just thirteen faces more than Mr. Keppler intended to draw, outside of the bodies lying around the trunk. Faces may be there by accident, for the branches of a tree lend themselves easily to the outlines of human features; but there is really but one portrait—that of Mr. Jay Gould—which stands forth in such strong relief that nobody out of a blind asylum could mistake or overlook it. Therefore, the answer to your two-fold and perfectly reasonable question is a regretful negative.

ED. PUCK.

IF A MAN could only lose both cuff-buttons at the same time he would be all right. It is losing one that kills him.

WHY IS IT that when a man kicks a heel off his shoe, and planks his foot down flat, he feels as though he has stepped down about ten feet?

THE EXTRAORDINARY CADAVER.

She lay there like a sleeping child, so placid, white and still,
So round and smooth, I wondered much of what she had been ill;
The upper left extremity I sold to Sam Burdette:
I owed the lowers to Van Dyke in payment of a bet.

A pallid beauty sat enthroned upon
her marble face,
And every polished contour was of
admirable grace;
It was such a splendid body I felt a
long way from serene
To think the left and lowers were all
subject to a lien.

O thou helpless, cold cadaver! what
a travesty art thou
Of thy recent radiant beauty, stark and
still and lifeless now!
Those that once were fain to clasp
thee, those that vowed fidelity
Would not touch thee for an X, nor
look upon thee for a V.

Poor stiff! thou once wert lovely, but
where are thy lovers now?
Didst thou smile upon them kindly,
or repel, with regal brow?
Wert thou drest in silks and satins?
Didst thou sway a world of fools?
These few thoughts occurred to me
while I was sharpening my tools.

I had been out on a racket with some friends the night
before,
And, to steady up my nerves, I took three fingers—
maybe four—
Of some *spiritus frumenti*, then proceeded, with regret,
To remove the arm which, really, I begrudged to Sam Burdette.



Now the dull December sunlight slanted dimly through the room,
Which was dark and cold and silent, like a vast and cryptic tomb;
And I felt my nerves still trembling, so I turned to brace myself
With the *spiritus frumenti* which was standing on the shelf.

Then I heard what chilled my blood
and froze the marrow in my bones;
A little sound that thrilled me more
than loudest trumpet tones:
In the sombre, silent room, alone with
solitude and death,
I distinctly heard a sigh, a feeble,
fluttering human breath.

Then I gazed at that cadaver, and
my hair stood up on end,
There was something strange and aw-
ful which I failed to comprehend.
Oh! her eyes! which when I turned
away were closed so peacefully,
Were wide open now, and staring
with a stony gaze at me!

It was horrible to think of and I
knew not what to do;
Should I help reviving nature and
attempt to pull her through?
I must do it, 'twas my duty; but just
fancy my despair,
For her upper left was lying, in brown
paper, on a chair!

Then Sam came in—thank heaven for the kind face
of a friend!

I told him, and he listened, coldly, calmly, to the
end;

He examined the cadaver, then he turned to me and said:
"It's the *spiritus frumenti*; you have got 'em on you, Ned!"
DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

SEA-SIDE MEDLEY.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 10th, 1882.

September has set in with a vengeance down here, and even at this early date people are flying back to the city. The United States Hotel closed last Monday. Any hotel that calmly dispenses such a cocktail as the United States dispensed all this season ought to close forever.

A description of the country down here would make a good ten-dollar ode if properly manipulated. The poet might speak of the fields being full of flowers that are taking on a tinge of grief, or something of that kind, and then make a wistful allusion to the appearance of the roses as they appeared two months ago when he, the poet, walked among them with Clarinda. Then he might recapitulate the pleasant scenes beneath the spreading elm, and the gold argosies of butterflies fluttering over the brook, and the lowing kine switching the flies off their quarter-decks, and it wouldn't make such a bad poem.

If Spring is represented by a gushing sweet-sixteener, September's ideal should be an old maid—one of these church-fair, sewing-bee creatures with hair melting into an iron gray. If you want to see September just come down here, and you may see it in all the sweet wild Septemberness of itself. You may know it is Fall by the air, and the hauling down of hotel rates and the bath-houses. They hauled down the bath-houses in front of the United States the other day, and it was quite refreshing to one of a poetic turn to see the regularly canonized bathing fiend in a new rôle. He was standing around like a gladiator, hammering with might and main and making lots of noise to cause his employer to imagine he was working. It was the first time he had been seen out of a bathing-suit. All the Summer this fiend lived in the surf under salary. He was in the sea so much that he became water-logged, and couldn't venture beyond his depth without sinking. That is probably the reason he was employed to save drowning people. At the opening of the season he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, but now he is so thin that last week, when a wave threw him up in the air in his striped suit, an innocent young lady mistook him for a barber's pole; and yesterday a young man tried to borrow him from his employer to pry some gravel out of his watch-key.

The other day we went swimming in the rain—that is, it commenced to rain after we got our bathing-suits on, and, as soon as it began to sprinkle, half the young ladies, who were fully prepared for the surf, ran for shelter. But we had a fine time, the water being quite clean. Ordinarily it is filled with bits of muskmelons and other charming edibles, which cause a great deal of grumbling. Some people are not satisfied with muskmelons and other cheap dainties when they go swimming. They probably expect chicken croquettes and ice-cream in their thirty-five-cent swim. (For original of this joke see early American almanacs.) But on this day there was nothing in the water but coffee, from a wreck; we had jelly-fish the day before, and potato-bugs the day before that. The Long Branch surf gives you variety. We didn't object to the coffee, because, by a kind dispensation of Providence, it was unaccompanied by the familiar chromo of the infant sucking a pistol-barrel, or the cat causing the globe and the gold-fish to separate. So we plunged around for an hour, and got so hungry that perhaps we could have eaten Spring chicken. By-the-way, we had some Spring chicken the other day that we succeeded in cutting with knives. One incredulous individual, with a lively imagination, said he saw

1846 blown in one chicken's back, and stated that, as he had a family depending on him for support, he would feel safer with a life-preserver on. When he put the first piece in his mouth he brought his jaws together hard enough to justify the suspicion that he thought he was biting a gate-hinge, and he destroyed four back teeth. The chicken was not so old after all; it was of the vintage of '78.

Before going out of the water the dogs had to be "swum." The dogs were secured in a bath-house, and they shivered and looked as sad as the school boy who knows there is a thrashing due him, and that it will be foreclosed as soon as the schoolmaster lays eyes on him. The dogs didn't like it at all. In behind the shaggy hair, that fell in luxurious profusion over their faces, their eyes shone with a vague dullness even like unto that which characteriseth the bronchial troche; and, when Olivette picked them up in her arms, they seemed to realize the unpleasant fact that the Governor had refused to interfere and that the law must take its course. And when they got into the surf they were tossed up in the air, but were afraid to howl as they desired to, lest peradventure they might swallow of the water that girded them 'round about. And when they got thoroughly soaked they looked like a couple of loaves of French bread.

"Oh, why was I ever born?" sobbed Trix, as he climbed up on the rope, and clung to the stake with his back teeth: "I might have known to-day, when I was safe under the barn, that Olivette had designs on me when she said: 'Here, Trix, nice old Trixy; come, Trix, you poor old fellow.' That's the time I ought to have shot back twenty feet from the edge. I knew as soon as she took hold of me that my life was gone."

"I kept well away from the edge," snarled Spice, as he brushed the tears out of his eyes with his ears: "and I thought I was safe." She came up here with her familiar: "Here, Spice, you poor thing; come out here, old boy," and I moved further back."

"How did she get you?" inquired Trix. "With a rake," replied Spice: "She reached under and hauled me out over a lot of broken bottles, and divorced me from enough hair to

stuff an ottoman. I'd like to be out in Chicago with Muggins now."

"So would I," responded Trix: "but there's no use of wishing. If we could only get on the good side of Olivette with a box of candy!"

"Can't do that," said Spice: "She has all the candy she wants. I saw eighteen fellows go into Huyler's the other night and get a pound of candy each, and strike a bee-line for her house. I tell you, she is a regular little—"

"Great Scott!" broke in Olivette: "don't be shaking all that water off on me!"

And both dogs rushed up the strand for dear life.

Straw-rides are all the rage now. For something like twenty dollars you can secure two horses and a farm wagon for an evening. In straw-rides the horses should always be slow, it is said, and you can get them slow down here. You may not be able to get them anything else, but there is never any doubt about their slowness. They are regular three-days'-grace horses. They generally go on crutches, and receive pensions, and it takes them about four hours to travel two miles, and you wonder why they are not purchased by the U. S. Navy to be utilized as atichors. The great beauty of a straw-ride I can't understand, but it is said to be the thrill of bliss that passes over the rider's frame on seeing his or her name in the society paper on the following week.

But very soon there will be no straw-riding here, for the people are all flying like so many Arabi Beys, as heretofore stated. Nature is putting on her Autumnal polonaise; the robin is packing his grip-sack and going to Florida for the Winter. The hackman is embarking on his steam yacht for his home at Nice; the quail is preparing to be adjusted on toast for seventy-five cents, and the song of the politician is heard in the land. The persimmon and the pumpkin pie are ripe, and the county fair is beginning to blossom, and so the curtain falls on a dead Summer, full of pleasant memories; and it will be about a year before we go back and see the young, familiar faces, (Lamb, with variations,) and grasp friendly hands, (under the shawl) and enjoy once more the honey-suckled porch, with its *dolce far niente*, and the grand old ocean *cum granis salis*, more or less.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

BREATH FOR THE BOYS.



PUCK'S PATENT FRESH AIR PIPES FOR OUR CROWDED PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SPARE OUR BLUSHES.

TO PUCK ON WHEELS.

O hail, thou little sprite on wheels, O hail!
With eager hearts we wait thy advent day;
With anxious ears we long for what thou 'lt say;
May'st thou propitious be, and may thy sale
Excel those of all former years, and fill
Thy coffers full of shekels bright until
They, overflowing, burst their seams with glee
And seem to laugh at their satiety.
As 'round the world thy swift bicycle goes,
Destroying cares, with jokes dispelling woes,
The earth with laughter rends itself in twain,
Till every creature with thy humor glows,
And men forget their cares and scoff at pain,
And all the world itself seems young again.

E. H. HUNTER.

AMUSEMENTS.

You can go "Around the World in 80 Days," at NIBLO's, next month.

"Patience" has been revived at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, and will be performed all this week.

At the WINDSOR THEATRE, Mr. Frank Evans is doing much to sustain his reputation as an excellent actor.

"The Lights o' London," with all the original scenery, is at present occupying the stage at NIBLO'S GARDEN.

"The Blackbird" is apparently a fixture for an indefinite period at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.

"Miss Multon," with its indispensable adjunct, Miss Clara Morris, has succeeded "Lights o' London," at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, Norcross's Spectacular Opera Company appeared. It will perform all the week.

"A Deluge of Corked Fun" is what Messrs. Birch, Hamilton & Backus call their SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL entertainment now flowing at their opera house.

At the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, under the management of Mr. John Stetson, Mme. Théo made, on Monday, her first appearance in New York in "Mme. l'Archiduc."

The soon-to-be-withdrawn "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, will give place October 9th to Mr. Bronson Howard's new play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

Rich in dramatic graces, Adele Belgarde has been the favored *Lilian* among Brooklyn's bankers' daughters during the past week's inaugural performances, at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, across the river.

"The Romany Rye" is not only the name of a play to be performed at BOOTH'S THEATRE next Monday, but is also that of an illustrated pamphlet compiled by Mr. James W. Morrisey, in which the romantic story is very graphically told.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, has very properly dropped "Elsa," which Mr. C. T. Dazey called a play. It was an attempt at an adaptation of Von Hillern's German novel, "Geier Wally," and an

exceedingly feeble one. Miss Mitchell is this week performing in "Jane Eyre."

Ernest Harvier being duly sworn, deposes and says that the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR has been, and is now, doing a very large business with "Olivette," given at that fashionable establishment under auspices best calculated to insure its entire success. A gladdening ballet is the chief feature of the performance, although it abounds with other attractions.

Mr. C. A. Chizzola, the director of Signor Salvini's approaching tour in the United States, will leave England for this country in the "City of Berlin" September 14th. The rehearsals of the American company engaged for the support of Salvini will soon begin. The first appearance of the great Italian will occur at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, October 30th, in *Othello*.

The Fall and Winter term, at WALLACK'S, was inaugurated last Saturday night with Mr. Pettitt's drama entitled: "Taken from Life." We cannot notice the play this week, but we may mention that the cast comprises Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Effie Germon, Mr. William Herbert and several artists who, for the first time, exhibit their physiognomies and abilities to a New York audience.

"Mankind," at DALY'S THEATRE, is interesting and amusing by its monstrous improbability. The scenery is exceedingly elaborate and realistic, especially the picture representing a fog at sea. The cast is a large one, and the acting is too good for the play. Mr. Leclercq presents, as *Dan'l Groodge*, an admirable character-sketch of an aged money-lending scoundrel, which is worthy of a much better drama.

Herr Conried declares that Madam Gallmeyer, who sails for this country from Bremen to-day, is the funniest woman in the world, and the only real rival that PUCK has ever had. Madam Gallmeyer expects to stir the visages of the class described by the THALIA'S press-agent as the "sturdy German burghers" on the second evening in October, 1882. To-morrow night the season will open with the "Merry War," although Herr Amberg has long since been put to flight, leaving Herr Herrmann master of the field.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is at present devoted to "Chispa," a Pacific coast, Bret Hartey kind of play, with one good act and several bad ones. Miss Marion Elmore plays the heroine. She is a bright, vivacious, intelligent little woman, who dances only moderately well, and cannot sing. She acts, however, in a spirited manner, and, if it were not for an occasional suggestion of Cockneyism, would be fairly suited for such a character as she essays. Some of the other parts are commendably filled.

Miss Laura Don has, at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, done what few women are able to do, viz.: to write a play, to create a part, and to induce a very critical audience to stay until the curtain falls on the last act. "The Daughter of the Nile" has in it decided elements of success, although it abounds with faults. To make a simple and threadbare story thoroughly interesting is no light labor, and Miss Laura Don achieves this task by means of novel situations, crisp dialogue and sympathetic acting. She is ably supported by Mr. Harry Lee, as an English nobleman, and Mr. E. M. Holland, as an impossible albeit an amusing American.

VICE ITS OWN REWARD.

With Burdette's Patent Note Attachment.

Simson all his precious time
Spent in Pleasure's Court;
Thomson worked the livelong day,
Though it wasn't sport.¹

Simson thought each evening
Of the morrow's fun;
Thomson counted up his gains
When the day was done.

Simson rose when ten o'clock
Sounded from the park;
Thomson e'er was up and out
With the morning lark.²

Simson spent his heritage
Like a man of rank;
Thomson put what e'er he could
Weekly in the bank.

Simson had a splendid time,
Cash he lost and won;
Thomson went on making hay
In the Summer sun.³

Simson, in a lottery,
Drew a golden prize;
Thomson saw the savings-bank
Burst before his eyes.⁴

Simson's living like a prince,
Under Fortune's star;⁵
Thomson down at Rockaway
Now is tending bar.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She is home again.

J. L. DE S. SEYMOUR.—It's the weight of that name of yours, dear boy, that has been dragging you down since infancy, and has eliminated all the humor from your composition. Had kindly nature made you a J. Smith, you probably would not have suggested to us to start a series of Illustrated Shakspearean Quotations.

PERSEVERANCE.—Certainly, try again. We always make it a point to encourage youthful talent and industry. It is, of course, a little trouble for us to tear your poems up and put them in the waste-basket; but, bless you, young man, we will gladly take this little burden upon ourselves, if it will afford you any pleasure.

MALVINA.—You were born too late. That poem of yours ought to have been written about the first of this century, and addressed to a young man in tights and Hessian boots, with a profusion of raven locks shading his marble brow—a young man by the name of Beverly, or Neville. If you are going to sing to a young man in these days, you had better pick out a George or a Charley or an Adolphus in a gum-drop Derby.

R. D. B.—It always rejoices us to get a letter like yours, written in green ink, and we are glad and proud to answer it:

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Sept. 9th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Can you use some humorous sketches? I am an experienced sketch-writer and paragrapher. Please answer in your "correspondent column."

Respectfully,

R. D. B.

Why, of course we can use humorous sketches. They are good to wrap up sandwiches in; they are nice to roll up into wads and throw at the Assyrian pup who guards the office-door—we can use them for lots of things. And we like to have them from experienced writers, too; writers who use green ink and sign their initials. It braces the paper up to get humorous sketches from experienced writers of that sort. Only, don't come down on us too sudden—too altogether, so to speak. The lustre of your glory and experience, combined with the green ink, might lay us out with sunstroke, or something of the sort.

¹ It was not. He had to go to the office at 7 A. M., and build a fire and sweep out, and be ready, at a moment's notice, to write poems of any length to fill up the corners of the pages.

² For a cocktail.

³ Notwithstanding the fact that he was sunstruck, knocked over the dashboard by the off ox, and had the misfortune to kick a hornet's nest under the impression that it was a white soft hat. It was not a white soft hat, but it was a soft thing for the hornets.

⁴ Owing to the flight of the president, who actually did not live in Newark, and was not a Sunday-school superintendent, either.

⁵ Little children, go and do likewise.

THE WAR ON EXCURSIONS.



PATRIOTS WAITING FOR THE HOSTILE FLEET TO COME WITHIN RANGE.



THE ADMINISTRATION
Will the Delegates



NISTRAN DECOY DUCK.
Delegates by Such a Trick?

A SUMMER IDYL.

HOPES THAT WERE SUDDENLY BLASTED.

It was one of those evenings in the latter part of August, when all things celestial and terrestrial were in perfect unison. The air was delightfully cool, and the shrill, insectivorous ghouls that make night hideous and torture the would-be sleeper, had folded their bills and stolen silently away, while the full moon, undimmed by even a cloud as large as a man's hand, flooded land and sea with a soft radiance which was more extensive and less expensive than the electric light.

The ever restless sea murmured and sobbed along the grassy meadow bank—sighing and moaning in rhythmic monotone, keeping time to the swaying lanterns that gleamed from the incoming craft, whose snowy sails seemed like the outstretched wings of some unknown feathered monsters of the vasty deep preparing for immediate flight. At intervals the lamp in a neighboring lighthouse tower shot its rays across the water, and the miniature waves danced and glittered in the transient brilliancy.

It certainly was a perfect night, and Augustus Freshwater vouchsafed the information to Sophia Simpson as they affiliated on the ancient piazza of a domicile where Summer boarders were taken in and done for. Of course they occupied hammocks, for no house, well regulated or otherwise, which entertains Summer boarders is without one or more of these comfortable, treacherous, match-making articles, and the way that elongated net-work sagged in the middle gave unmistakable evidence that the occupants were very near to each other.

What his feelings were can better be imagined than described, and only those who have officiated in a similar capacity—when the party of the second part, attired in dotted Swiss or tattooed Greek, and odoriferous with Lubin's best, reciprocates and most assuredly appreciates—can form any adequate conception of Augustus's condition. He felt as though the Muses had taken possession of his tabernacle of clay, and that he was thoroughly permeated with poesy; but he lacked expression, and wished that his tongue could utter the thoughts that arose in him faster than the bubbles in a glass of Extra Dry.

The moonlight sifted through the interstices of the thickly-clustering vine that clung to the piazza like a young child to its tottering grandpa, and glinted on the gold filling of Sophia's back tooth as she uttered a deep sigh. But Augustus was oblivious to the beautiful sight; he was concentrating his energies for a declaration of his passion for the tender creature before him—a passion which had been matured in crabs, stewed eels and huckleberry dumplings for the previous two weeks.

While he thinks and braces himself, take notice of those two small boys in the adjoining field. They are evidently country productions, judging by their general appearance, and they are exerting every sinew and muscle to obtain possession of some apples just above their heads—verdant spheres of concrete agony, which will inspire them to sing: "O hallelujah!" in the witching hour of night when churchyards yawn.

But Augustus has screwed his courage up to concert pitch, and is gazing with a I-want-to-tell-you-something look into the face of the fair girl beside him. He presses her closer to



his beating form, (for it seems to him that his heart has somehow melted and is running through his veins like the volatile mercury, and he is one pulsating mass of indescribable emotion,) and, clearing his throat, says:

"Sophia, never, before I met you, did I know what love meant. I have thought I loved before, but what a myth it was compared with the all-absorbing, never-dying passion which the light of your eyes and the ardor of your smiles has kindled! I love you better than—better than—than anything, and I ask you now to be my angel—my wife," and, drawing her suddenly closer to him, he pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Faugh! that tastes bad!" rose in the still night air, coming from the direction of the apple tree, and a man with a good night-glass might have seen one of the young rustics fling a deceitful apple from him in disgust.

But somehow the remark he uttered disturbed the young damsel; for she drew her head away quickly, while Augustus, having whetted his appetite, was hungering for more.

"Guv' us a darn big good one," came floating over from the fence, and, as Augustus removed his lips from those full, rare-ripe ones of Sophia's, she was appalled by the angry exclamation of: "Can't you guv' us nothin' else but a rotten one?"

It was with difficulty she could be prevailed upon to remain in the hammock, she declaring that those wicked, horrid boys were making fun of them; but, after considerable persuasion, Augustus managed to partially soothe her lacerated feelings.

"Darling," he murmured: "you cannot imagine how much I love you; it is beyond all calculation. I cannot but feel that I am the happiest man in the world. Let me once more press a kiss of undying affection on your lips—only one more, my angel. Sophia," he pleaded, as she drew coyly away: "just one, and then I won't ask you for over a minute. Oh, Sophia, if you—"

"If you don't guv' me a good one this time, I'll knock you out!"

'Twas that boy again.

A burst of tears, a spasmodic upheaval from the hammock, the disappearance of a mass of white drapery into the house, and Augustus was alone.

The sea gurgled and chuckled against the stones indicating high-water mark along the shore; the boys in the field munched slowly, for premonitory symptoms of the internecine struggle were arousing their suspicions; the moon sailed majestically in the heavens and calmly she looked down, but Augustus heeded not—his Summer-night's dream was ended.

BY THE SEA.

They were seated on the strand.

He looked up at the huge black glasses that obscured her cerulean eyes and said:

"It is quite charming to lie here and look at my reflection in your eyes."

"It is, eh?"

"I assure you it is," he responded: "If I only stood as well in your estimation as I look in your eyes, I would be all right."

"Can you really see yourself in my glasses?"

"Certainly I can; I can even see my feet—"

"Well," she broke in, as she tossed her haughty head in the air: "I always thought it would take a parlor mirror to reflect your feet."

And he rushed madly to the water and took a header.

PUCK ON WHEELS:

THIRD EDITION. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LAMB ON THE "STREET."

No. IV.

Wall Street, Sept. 8th, 1882.



I have returned to the city full of pleasant recollections of babbling brooks and flowery meads. I have been the guest of a distinguished cottager at Newport, have flirted on the piazzas of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, have participated in the refined and

quieter amusements of Lenox, and have spent money freely at Mount Desert. All this I have been able to do on the profits of my stock speculations in the Spring.

Perhaps if I had not been such a very tender lamb I might not have come off so well. My friends and advisers have always taken pity on my inexperience and ignorance of the ways of the "Street," with the most gratifying result to my pocket. Of course I must look about a little before operating in my small, unobtrusive way. I rather like the look of the market; but I am not prepared to say how long it will present an encouraging appearance.

I shall buy, for almost anything is a purchase; the only thing is to use my feeble judgment as well as I am able to sell out in time, and be satisfied with a moderate gain. If I become wild and reckless, I shall indeed end by being a shorn lamb.

My confidence is as great as ever in Northern Pacific. I don't know how I could ever have been prejudiced against it. As I prophesied, it has been rising steadily, and is to-day worth 52¼. I am not as firm a believer in Denver and Rio Grande as I used to be. I don't see why it should be worth its present figure. The magnates of the road may know better; but then I am not a magnate, but only a shrinking, modest, little capitalist, who knows nothing whatever about earnings, and first and second mortgage bonds, and all that sort of thing.

I have not yet any decided opinion to offer as to Lake Shore. It went up two per cent yesterday on the report that Mr. Vanderbilt was a buyer. I tried to find out the truth of the statement, and, as my cook's younger brother's cousin is acquainted with Mr. Vanderbilt's junior groom, I sought the gentleman in question; but he could afford me no information, but said he would ask Mr. Vanderbilt when next he came into the stable.

There is much talk of prosperity in the air, caused by gigantic railroad earnings and enormous crops. I have not personally inspected the crops, and I know nothing about earnings, but I dare say they are enough to enable me to carry out my bullish proclivities.

I am still in possession of a number of important "points" and some very startling information, which I keep for the present to myself for a graceful and lamb-like coup.

BALAAM BOPEEP.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW.

The artist watched the forest

Aglow with gold and red,

And, in a burst of rapture,

Most gushingly he said:

"I like this dreamy picture,

It makes my soul elate—

'Twill bring me twenty dollars.

When painted on a plate."

A RURAL RESORT.

SUNNYCORNERS, Sept. 9th, 1882.

In this place I am perfectly reeking with happiness. Nothing can be more delightful than my surroundings. My rooms are large and airy, the grounds abound with exquisite flowers, and the air is filled with their balmy perfume.

To-morrow I expect my new team of ostriches. They ought to be fine animals, for I instructed my agent to spare no expense in purchasing. I shall go on the road with them in my best nickel-plated jaunting-car. I don't know what to wear. I wonder how my pea-green overcoat with yellow *bretelles* would look?

If the Russian Government wishes to negotiate a loan, I don't see why I shouldn't help it. Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt must be written to on the subject, or I'll telegraph them to come and see me at once; besides, I'll then be able to arrange about that railway that I'm going to run to Patagonia—that is, if Mexico throws no obstacles in my way.

Talking about Mexico, Arabi Bey's elder brother, who occupies the apartment adjoining mine, assures me that the Chicago Base-ball Nine cannot play without the assistance of the Keely Motor, and that, if they attempt to do so, he will discharge Mr. Henry Ward Beecher and nominate Talmage for the Presidency on the Greenback ticket.

Here comes the Pope.

I had several secrets to impart to His Holiness yesterday. I have almost forgotten what they are now, but he's a pleasant kind of man to talk to and is always full of information. He tells me that he has no idea of returning to Rome until Reading Railroad stock goes up to 85.

The cardinals keep writing for him to come and take charge of things, as matters are getting mixed; but Pius, when he has once made up his mind to do a thing, always does it. He promises to present me with St. Peter's Cathedral; but I shall not press him, as he may require it for his own use.

Another important guest at this hotel is General Andrew Jackson. This must be kept a profound secret, for the old gentleman does not wish anybody to know where he is, or he would be pestered to death with political documents.

We had a game of polo yesterday, and enjoyed it exceedingly. I keep my mustangs in my bureau-drawers. I find this plan saves expense of stabling, is much cleaner, and the animals are always at hand when required; besides, I find that in this way they can do without fodder or water.

I have not yet decided as to what my movements will be when I leave this paradise. I had a chat with the landlord, who doesn't seem at all anxious for me to go. Considering that I pay a million of dollars a week for my rooms and board, it is not surprising. It would be, I think, folly to change while the weather is so very fine and every luxury is at my disposal. I sha'n't think of leaving, at least for a month or so. Besides, where could I go and meet with such distinguished people, and be able to sit down to table and discuss politics with them daily?

President Arthur professes a deep regard for me, and I believe him sincere. Edison fancies, and perhaps he is right, that I know

more about the electric light than he does himself. Sitting Bull and Queen Victoria are always glad to see me, and as for Sir Garnet Wolseley, I tell him what to do in Egypt, and we are consequently bosom friends. I don't want you to imagine that I—

CHRISTOPHER CRANKUM.

In spite of the strict rules of this insane asylum, the lunatic, Crankum, who imagines himself the ancient Croesus, has managed to get a letter to the outside world. The statements therein are not worthy of credence, and I trust that the public will not be misled by them.

JOTHAM NOCKMEYER, *Superintendent*.

DOUBT.

I am pressing a hand 'neath the table,
A beautiful hand, I ween,
While across, like the maid of the fable,
Sits my peerless Cousin Jean;
She is fair as the dream of a poet,
Charming as the sirens of old,
I love her—and does she know it?—
As I clasp the hand I hold.

She sits there so dreamily waiting,
As the time, in anxiety, flies;
I hope it is loving, not hating,
I read in her heavenly eyes;
For I envy the sunbeams straying
Over the soft curls of gold,
As I sit here so silently playing
With the beautiful hand I hold.

Waiting for one word to be spoken
By the red lips smiling at me,
Waiting for the charm to be broken,
To learn what my fate must be.
"Your hand?" I hear the murmur,
I see on each cheek the blush,
And my voice is scarcely firmer
As I answer: "A bob-tail flush."
GEO. R. PARRISH.

PUCK ne'er returns the articles rejected,
And that's what makes their authors so dejected.

PUCK burns rejected articles to light the office lamps,
Exterminates the authors and appropriates the stamps.

THE PATH TO GLORY.

A number of poets and artists were discussing the outlook at the West End, and talking over the studies and ideas which had grown out of their Summer trips. This led to a comparison with other Summerings, when they were not so high in their professions, and consequently not in such a lovely condition of sheklarity, and only served to lead to a review of the careers of many famous men who had had hard fights before recognition, and, quite naturally, they spoke of their early battles with fate.

"I have been pretty well reduced in my time," commenced a landscape painter: "when I came to New York, ten years ago, I was obliged to accept employment from a milkman. I used to get up at three o'clock in the morning and roll cans around and put them in the wagon, and work at the pump until I was lame, and had my feet so wet that rheumatism would set right in, and the milkman would threaten to discharge me for not being able to harness the horse. When I had rheumatism I used to paint cows on the sides of the milk wagon. I painted cows in all positions—lying down, rampant and every other attitude. Finally I concluded I must do something new, and create an excitement in the milk business; so I painted a cow with three eyes, an elephant's trunk, a pair of wings on the sides of her head, a whale's tail, and a couple of fins about the size of door-mats. Then I covered her with feathers, and a man came along and said:

"What do you call that?"

"I told him I didn't know. He said he was a circus man, and ordered me to make him a six-sheet poster of the beast, and he would call it the Great Patagonian Flying Cow. I got the thing up, and showed the Great Patagonian Flying Cow in different rôles. I showed her flying over the sea in quest of fish; I showed her roosting in the top of a tree; I showed her springing on her prey; I showed her playing with her young in a Patagonian swamp. Not knowing much about a Patagonian swamp, I made one from my imagination, and threw in lots of broad-leaved trees, and fever-and-ague

pools, and monkeys hanging out of sleepy branches by their tails. And then, for a grand effect, I showed the sluggish Nile in the distance, and, behind a lot of papyrus leaves, I cracked in the pyramids and the Sphinx. The circus man didn't know anything about geography, and the poster made him shed tears of joy. He gave me fifty dollars, and I left the milkman and hired a studio. I was not quite out of the woods then. Often did I sit on my cot, with my ulster on top of my head like a waterproof cloak, while the silver tresses of the Winter moon fell upon my solitary army blanket, and mend my Oxford ties with wire and put a coat of blacking on the old blue-check uppers to make them look dark and warm. At this time I was illustrating a directory, and had to stand on roofs of buildings and make bird's-eye views of things when it was so cold that boxing-gloves wouldn't keep my hands warm, and the man that was getting up the directory was indignant because I couldn't show three sides of a building in a picture."

"I have been lower in the scale of degradation than that," piped a poet: "I have been in

A QUESTION OF STATES.



BOTTLENOSE VS. LAGERHEAD.

the wholesale dry goods business—began on four dollars a week, and wound up on three two years later. Used to have to get to the store at eight o'clock in the morning and work until six, except in the busy season, when we kept the thing up until midnight. Then I had to tear around and get bills-of-lading signed, and make payments till I was so tired that I couldn't stand. Sometimes early in the morning I would go down to the sub-cellar and hide for the day. Then they put me at marking cases, until I sent a case intended for Augusta, Maine, to Augusta, Georgia. Then I was told to make my mark elsewhere. This was when I was writing my monograph of Shelley. I tell you if you would strike the Ultima Thule of degradation, just get into the wholesale dry goods business."

"I've been lower still!" exclaimed an animal painter: "much lower!"

"What have you done?" they all chorused.

"Worked in a barber shop. Had to begin at seven in the morning and keep it up all day. I know all the pomade encomiums by heart yet. The more I wanted to paint, the busier the barber became. The lathering brush was about the only brush I got a chance to use. I tell you it used to make me sick to have to walk four miles through the rain, on a dark night, to shave a dead man. Finally the barber discharged me for telling a man I didn't think his hair needed cutting; and then I had to accept employment from an undertaker. He rigged me up in a suit of black, and I had to waltz in before the mourners and screw down the mahogany lapel. Oh, it was awful to have to sit around on a cold day, chopping ice up, and I'll never forget it."

"Do you call that low down?" inquired a serious poet.

"I do," replied the animal painter.

"Well, wait till I tell you my story: When I was twenty-five I commenced my rendition into English hexameters of the Lusiad of Camoens. I found that, in order to live, I must have other employment. So I got a couple of Congressmen to have me appointed night watchman in the Custom House. They sent me to watch a marble yard. Every piece of marble in the yard weighed a ton, and it was impossible for any one to steal it without the assistance of an elephant. Well, I used to sit on the pallid marble in the moonlight and translate. Oh, wasn't it cold sitting on that marble in December, in a pair of linen trousers! You talk about standing on cold oilcloth in midwinter, dropping paregoric for the baby in the moonlight—that's nothing to the marble-yard vigils."

"I've been worse off than all of you," remarked a still-life man: "I was once receiving-clerk on a dock. Had to receive hams, cod-fish, iron, furniture and everything else. The company got down on me, because I used to eat about a barrel of apples a day, and go around tapping the cider-barrels. Then I was thinking of art all the time, and forgot my duties. I used to receive oats and all sorts of perishable stuff in the rain, and the company threatened

ROMANCE AND REALITY.



THIS IS THE WRITER OF THOSE THRILLING BEAR STORIES IN THE SUNDAY "SUN," AS WE PICTURED HIM—



UNTIL ONE DAY A FRIEND INTRODUCED US TO EACH OTHER.

MALA PROHIBITA.

When criminal Maine shall cleanse her stair
And show like Eden's garden,
When Iowa shall enforce her law
And ne'er a seller pardon,
When all the states in full debates
Send liquor to perdition,
Then may, perhaps, the outlawed chaps
Put up with Prohibition.

When fervid youth and saintly truth,
As pure as ostrich feather,
With liar sleek and slanderous sneak
Go hand-in-hand together,
With errors purged, from sin emerged,
We'll turn in meek contrition
To make a profit of our loss
And foster Prohibition.

When sinners old and schemers cold
Consort in mixed conditions
With short-haired women, long-haired men
And parson-politicians,
Then great, indeed, becomes the need
For some wise state physician
To clear the land, and, with strong hand,
Prohibit Prohibition. POET ASHOR.

to dismiss me. They didn't do it, though, until I received the remains of a major-general, and charged the family fifty cents for taking it up to Connecticut. The charge ought to have been about ten dollars. The company jumped until their shoes were worn off and their feet burst open, and that's how I came to hand in my resignation."

"I think I can see you all," said a small, slim poet.

"Well, I guess you can't," warmly replied the man who had been in the wholesale dry goods business: "I was certainly the most degraded of this professional coterie."

"No," said the slim poet: "I can see you all!"

"How low did you get?"

"Well, I'll tell you: I solicited advertisements for an Irish paper."

He paused for a moment, and the rest looked at each other, arose,

took off their hats, and said:

"You have achieved the first prize, for we must admit, though reluctantly, that you have been in a position of greater humiliation than any of us, and you ought to celebrate your victory."

And the slim poet, who had solicited advertisements for an Irish paper, led the way to the drug store, where soda-water of various flavors was immediately indulged in.

PUCK ON WHEELS has arrived, and, although the little gentleman must be badly chafed from riding a bicycle so long without any liver-pad to speak of, still he is bright and cheerful as ever, and has brought along a volume of good reading-matter for the Summer months. It is a nice book to soothe your feelings after you have stood up in the car of the local train for an hour. A nice book for a rainy Sunday in the country, when it is too wet to go a-fishing. Besides the reading it is as full of good cuts as a side of beef, and it should be in every Sunday-school library.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The afflicted multitude, cured of diseases of the skin, delight in praising the Swayne's Ointment.

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When fever sets in, baby may die,
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"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

The American society of microscopists has been in session in Elmira. They spent one day looking for the Greenback party, but they couldn't see it.

If it wasn't for the newspapers and war correspondents there would be no fighting at all in Egypt. But if "we" keep at it a while longer, the soldiers will have to come in.

"Young Gardener" wants to know where all the water in the watermelon comes from, especially in a dry season. Don't you know they always plant watermelons in the spring? Away, slight man, for a harder one.

Mr. Hoofness has a foot as long as his life, and, when a horse stepped on his toes, he said he didn't care so much for the immediate pain in the toe, but it was so long to heal. Heal, you understand; see? heel, heal, heel—so long to heal—ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! he, he, he!

A salt mine has just been discovered in Austria, which is believed to be more than two thousand years old. It's a good thing it was a salt mine, or it wouldn't have kept up half so long. Now there are some silver mines in America, for instance, that haven't lasted more than three months after the assessments gave out.

Old Goodman went to some English opera, when he was in Chicago, of the Alice Oates variety. He came home a very wrathful man. "Don't talk to me any more about givin' woman the ballot," he roared; "If ever I catch a wife or daughter of mine dancin' in a necklace and a pair of slippers, somebody'll have to read the riot act before the ballot is half over, I don't care who tries to stop me." And the Goodman girls haven't dared say "woman suffrage" or wear bangs from that day to this.—Robert J. Burdett.

Do you see that dress over there?" asked a young lady at a West End hop the other evening: "Well, the trimmings on that dress are easily worth seven hundred dollars, and the owner always appears in a new costume at least every other evening."

"And does she stay here for the entire season?" asked the writer.

"Oh, no," said the young lady: "You see she has been here now about three weeks. She will soon be at the bottom of her last trunk, and then away she sails for Saratoga or Newport, where she can commence on her first trunk again. See?"

"Oh, of course. Then she doesn't keep wearing new dresses all through the season?"

"Great Scott, no!" said the young lady, glancing in a glass opposite to see if her bangs were all right: "You see, that's the way they do it. It's like a D. D. going into a new parish and working over his barrel of sermons. See?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

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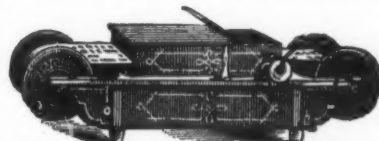
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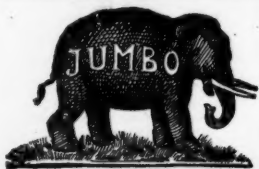
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COURAGE.—"Suffering sisters!" exclaimed the speaker, energetically shaking the hair-pins from her head in her excitement: "women will never obtain their rights until they display more courage. Let me say to you, in the words of a famous French orator, 'Courage! courage! courage!'" At this stage of the proceedings somebody threw a box of caterpillars upon the platform, and the meeting broke up in great terror and confusion.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PROCTOR KNOTT wants the *Congressional Record* abolished. The printing of the *Record* gives employment to a large number of persons, and, if it were to be abolished, that much more money would be appropriated toward improving useless streams; so it might as well be continued.—*Norristown Herald.*

The gentleman stepped on the coal dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why, certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing, and shouted back the weight six hundred pounds.—*Boston Post.*

The negro man whom John Brown kissed while on his way to the scaffold is said to be driving a coal cart in Louisville, and those who have looked him over say they should think John would have wanted to die after kissing him.—*Boston Post.*

Said an old gentleman, patronizingly, to a bright little fellow: "Be a good boy, my little man, and you may be President." "Yes, I may be," the wide-awake youth replied: "but you don't want to gamble on it."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Mrs. Howe says women do not fall in love any more. Place a woman in front of the milliner's window and see if she doesn't.—*Boston Transcript.*

The sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. It is your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe-handle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCHUYLER COLFAX is contributing to a Chicago religious weekly. Even a religious paper in that town has to be wicked.—*Boston Post.*

There is but one remedy that cures all diseases of the blood—stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, nerves and urinary organs, and that is Hop Bitters. Ask your pastor or physician.

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TRAINS LEAVE MANHATTAN BEACH at 7:35, 10, 11:05 A. M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:05, 1:30 P. M., and every fifteen and thirty minutes past the hour to 9:30 P. M., and at 10, 10:35 P. M.

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